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quent encores, as was the case last night. The concert on the whole was a very pleasant one and gave general satisfaction.

MRS. MARIE ABBOTT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.

This excellent artist gave her annual concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, before a very large audience. The programme was a short but pleasant one, the artists being Mrs. Marie Abbott, Miss Matilda Toedt, Mr. Stein and Mr. Alfred H. Pease.

Mrs. Abbott has voice of fine quality and of considerable power, which she uses tastefully and expressively. She has been well educated, and is a thoroughly trustworthy and pleasing singer. She was wretchedly accompanied on this occasion, and any one less assured and self-reliant would have become embarrassed under the infliction. But Mrs. Abbott did justice to herself, and was heartily encored and applauded throughout.

Miss Matilda Toedt is rapidly gaining power as a violinist. She has a pure sympathetic tone, and plays with much expression and tenderness, and her execution is rapidly becoming clear, brilliant, and decisive. She was loudly encored in her first selection, and replied to it by playing in a smooth and sweet manner a paraphrase of Gottschalk's "Cradle Song."

Mr. Alfred H. Pease played his arrangement of "Crispino" in a manner by no means satisfactory. It seemed to us that he has become so used to perform the same piece as a duet that he launched out on his primo, forgetting that there was no second piano part, which was equal to giving your guests the trimmings and omitting the turkey. Mr. Pease was, however, encored, and responded by playing another of his well known compositions.

Mr. Stein has a rich and powerful baritone voice, and sings carefully and expressively.

WEHLI'S MORNING CONCERT.—The great pianist, James M. Wehli, will give his second morning concert, at Irving Hall, this, Saturday mornig, at 11 o'clock a. m. Mr. Wehli will play some of his own compositions, entirely new to this city, which will be well worth hearing, for they are wonderfully brilliant and effective. He will be assisted by Miss Kate McDonald, Mr. Julius Eichberg and Mr. G. W. Colby.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.—The fifteenth Sunday evening concert will take place at Steinway Hall to-morrow, Sunday, evening, when Mme. Fanny Raymond Ritter will appear, in addition to Theo. Thomas's orchestra. The programme will be as varied and popular as usual.

The success of these concerts has become a recognized matter of fact, and the large Hall is crowded every performance.

ITALIAN OPERA MATINEE.—The opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" will be given to-day, at a matinee, by Max Maretzek's Opera Company, at Winter Garden. The cast will comprise most of the best artists of the company. The performance will commence at one o'clock, and the price of admission will be one dollar.

A PASSIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Upon her lips unwilling
I pressed one passion kiss;
She shrank away all thrilling
With terrors' throe, I wis.
Before her eyes she clasped
Her dainty, sensuous hands,
Which backward press'd, unhasped,
Her rich hair's envious bands.

The tangled folds unweaving
Fell downwards to her feet;
They hid her bosom's heaving,
But trembled with its beat—
They shimmer'd in their glory,
Like wavy lines of gold—
Godiva, in the story,
Less fatal to behold!

I gazed, half awed, half fearful,
That I had done some wrong;
Compunction, almost prayerful,
Subdued my heart, and long
I doubted—should I pray her
To pardon my offence,
And crave kind mercy stay her,
Chiding me ever thence?

But ere my lips found motion,
Her dainty hands unloosed,
And as in mute devotion,
Upon her bosom crossed.
Her eyes downcast and trembling—
And on her snowy brow
The blood which scorned dissembling,
Flashing and paling now.

The ripe lips I had tasted,
Now panting half apart—
O, precious time! how wasted
Without her on my heart!
And as I once more rifted
From lips the dew divine,
Her glorious eyes she lifted
And flashed them into mine,—

Flashed them through brain and being,
Flashed them through heart and soul!
Captured beyond all fleeing—
Glamoured beyond control!
O, that delicious capture?
Too sacred to confess.
Mysterious, wond'rous rapture,
O, passionate caress!

Half frightened by the beating
Of my tumultuous heart:
Half clinging, half retreating,
Scarce wishing to depart,

Her arms crept up and bound me,
And in that long, long kiss,
Her loosed hair floated round me,
Hiding from all our bliss!

* * * * *

Ah! constant heart and trusty!
'Twas long ago—and yet
The rapture of that first love kiss,
We neither can forget.
We have passed youth's hey-dey riot,
But ah! my matron wife,
The golden love that blessed that youth,
Has lasted all our life.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. Booth appeared as Richard the Third on Saturday evening of last week and achieved a decided success. His conception of the part is eminently correct and truthful, carrying out the language and idea of Shakspeare instead of following the conception set forth in "The Historic Doubts of Walpole," and Miss Halstead's able and acute delineation of the character of Richard, both of which books have been the cause of giving us representations of the "crook-backed tyrant" as far from truth and the character of the text warrant us to believe him to have been as it would be possible to imagine. How any thoughtful actor, who has studied the text of Shakspeare, can fall into this error is more than I am able to understand; the character and personal appearance of Richard are both so plainly set forth that it seems next to impossible for an actor to misconceive the part, and yet there are many who do.

Take, for instance, the personation of Mr. Dillon—a uniformly careful and excellent actor—and we find that Richard was handsome, well-formed, and far more of a wit than a villain; and when he did, by chance, commit a murder or two, it was done in such a quietly amusing way that the person or persons murdered had cause to be thankful for being put out of the world so delicately and withal with such good humor.

This is not Mr. Booth's conception. With him all the darker and more characteristic portions of the part are well brought forward, and although the witticisms are given with a keenness and relish of humor, still, above all, we see the heartless, ambitious villain and murderer, and although his cunning hypocrisy may raise a smile, it is an uncomfortable smile and very apt to end in a shudder. The earlier passages of the play are rather too much elaborated, and consequently, to a certain degree, tame, but in the latter portions Mr. Booth rises to a sublimity of passion and tragic power which is simply grand, and on Saturday evening called forth from a densely crowded house loud and continued manifestations of delight and approbation.

The play was badly put upon the stage and a great lack of rehearsal was painfully manifest throughout the entire performance, add to this the uniform bad acting of all the characters, excepting, of course, Mr. Booth, and "Richard the Third" can hardly be set down as a genuine success.